NEW RIGS FOR MEN

Garments to be in Favor Next Spring and Summer.

SASHES ARE NOT IN IT

The Frock Coat Will Be Long and Ample, Duck Will Take the Place of White Flannel.

"Men's fashions for whom? For the average man who likes to be well dressed or for the exquisite, who would have to spend five hundred dollars a month if he would even attempt keep his wardrobe up to the standard the New York swells have set?"

"Oh, for the man. What is he going to wear next spring and summer? What are the tendencies in men's fashions?"

Editor Charles M. Connolly, of the Haberdasher and the Clothing Gazette,

NEGLIGE SHIRT.

filled a fresh pipe before replying to so big a question. He is a bright, chatty young fellow—all successful New York men are young—a yachtsman, an artist and a keen observer. It's his business always to be able to tell just what people are going to wear six months or a year from now. What they are wearing now is an old story.

"We might as well go at the thing methodically," he began, when the tobacco was well lighted; "the necktie of the coming season is the small knot four-in-hand, known to the trade as the graduated four-in-hand. It is distinguished by a rather small knot, narrow, about an inch and a half long, while the ends are broad and full, spreading out well in loose folds. This tie will be a favorite with dressy men, because it cannot be cleverly imitated. By reason of its width and the expensive quality of goods required it costs never less than one dollar. A fair one may be one dollar and a half or two dollars. The Ascot and the old wadded four-in-hand will be somewhat worn, but they are a little passe.

"A second popular tie will be a simple bow cut from one and a quarter to one and a half inches wide. This will be suitable either for white or neglige shirts. In the latter case it should be made of the same material as the shirt, but preferably not of the same pattern.

"Of course knots and bows will be made up of an imitation of both these styles, but the former, at least, cannot

A SPRING OVERCOAT. A CORRECT FROCK COAT.

be very successfully copied. As to colors, modest tints will prevail—light bodies with small neat designs. Loud colors must give way. The keynote to the coming costume throughout is quietness and simplicity. Blue is a standard and good for ten years. The old Bogador effects are reproduced in neckwear to some extent. English twills and all silk fabrics are favored for neckwear.

"As to collars: The favored style will be the poke, with protruding points; next will come the turnover, comfortable points. Turndown collars will be much worn. The band will be lower in the back and the points longer, so as not to flop out over the vest—both changes for the better.

"Link cuffs will be correct. By the way, gentlemen should always get their laundrymen to iron link cuffs flat, not round. Of course they won't do it. Then the owner can flatten them for himself, so."

And Mr. Connolly, by way of illustration, grasped one of his own and flattened it, doubled lengthwise, upon his desk. This produces a crease on the side opposite the links.

"Of course," he continued, resuming his pipe, "the correct man will have his shirts and collars and cuffs all built together and connected, and of course the average man will have his collars and cuffs detachable to save laundry bills; so there's no use in saying anything more about that.

"In gloves, the old shades go—always tan for day wear. The spring overcoat will be a single breasted black diagonal, cut a little longer and fuller than last year, with collar opening of medium depth, or a rough-faced worsted in the same cut. With either a high hat should be worn.

"The covert coat, short and yellow, will be somewhat worn.

"The swellest suit for dressy occasions will be the new frock coat—a Prince Albert with long skirts and wide lapels, three buttoned, in rough, unfinished worsted or dark mixtures, with trousers to match. With this a high hat always goes. The cutaway will have a longer skirt than formerly, will be made of diagonal, and will take trousers of different material. Fancy vests are allowable with the cutaway, but should be of neat pattern.

"A less dressy suit is the double-breasted sack or single-breasted cutaway in mixtures and solid colors. A derby or soft hat may go with them.

"For formal occasions shoes should be of patent leather, which is made now of much better quality than formerly. Patent leather may be worn for all occasions, but for street use most men prefer black calf. Russet shoes in winter are a fad, not good form. For summer they are all right, especially with neglige costume. And that, by the way, is emphatically a summer costume, not to be worn in town. For city use the white shirt only is allowable for formal wear, or the percale fancy-colored shirts, the white collars and white or colored cuffs, for business use. Neglige shirts will be made with detachable cuffs and collars, for those who require them that way. The double-breasted sack coat goes with neglige, and a belt."

"Not a sash?"

"Emphatically, no. The sash was very popular at first among dressy men because it added effect to their costume, but when every banker's boy began to wear one, something had to tumble—and it wasn't the boy. Sashes were in good form as long as they were made in squares costing four dollars up, but now the sash is dead, and the belt will take its place.

"Another article of wearing apparel that was unmercifully abused was the yachting cap. It was a mistake to wear them, as so many did, in town. They will continue to be worn by swells who do yacht, however, for the club emblems are a sufficient distinction. With

A BUSINESS SUIT.

the yachting cap goes a double-breasted blue frock coat and duck trousers."

"Duck?"

"Duck. White flannel isn't in it for the ultra swells. It is the same old story. It was getting too common. Last summer city men went down to Newport in their immaculate white flannels for a week or two of vacation; and when they got there they found the Vanderbilts and Goelets all wearing duck. Duck is better, anyway, because it will wash. Flannel shrinks.

"In hats not much variety is possible. The high hat varies in shape a trifle from year to year, but is still substantially the same in effect. The derby is a standard, but the soft hat will crowd it close. I mean the soft hat with a narrow rolling brim and a creased top crown. There are various styles. The alpine is a good sample. One reason why this style of hat is liked is that its quality shows at a glance. You can put a two dollar derby and a five dollar derby side by side, and even an expert will be puzzled to tell them apart. But the soft hat shows for what it is. The cheap one cannot masquerade as better than it is."

"Now, Mr. Connolly," said I, "please deliver a short lecture on taste in dress, jewelry, the ethics of attire, the genesis of styles, the harmony of male and female attire and the prince of Wales."

And he did, and it was right to the point: "It is idle to deny that our styles, like our best woolen goods and silks, come from England. The wools come from there simply because we can't raise the raw material of the same quality. Take the best sheep down to

YACHTING COSTUME.

Texas, and the third year the fleece is inferior. We do make weaves of shirtings, though, better than the English. As for styles, they come from abroad for a different reason. Hard to explain why. Partly from the prince of Wales, no doubt; yet he doesn't set the fashion. Who does? Nobody. It sets itself. It is the result of perpetual change, growth, development, of one style shading into another, of action and reaction. The prince of Wales is simply a very well-dressed gentleman, who follows the prevailing styles, well in the van, using always exquisite taste. His influence on dress is a composite result of his taste and his prominent position.

"A perfectly dressed man is one whose garb is always quiet, rich in material and suitable to the occasion. He never under any circumstances wears a diamond. He wears very little jewelry. If he has a scarf pin it is small and quiet. His tie is quiet and unobtrusive.

"There is a subtile connection between the styles for women and those for men. The former are always in the lead. They really set the fashions for both sexes. This, perhaps, is difficult for anyone not a student of such matters to see. But certain colors, methods of treatment, schools of design, which for a time hold sway in women's garments, produce their inevitable effect upon men's styles. The colors and designs reappear in men's scarfs. Forms alter in harmony. When women's dresses began to have wider draperies men's clothing grew looser and fuller in its lines, and coats had longer and ampler skirts. When a gentleman and lady are walking together their dress should harmonize."

Mr. Connolly used to be a cartoonist on the Graphic and is handy with his pencil.

OWEN LANGDON

TRY AGAIN.

What Perseverance Did for a Young Italian Chorister.

Between sixty and seventy years ago, in a little city in Italy, there was, among other choristers at the opera house, a young man named Rubini, who was very poor, excessively modest and greatly beloved by his comrades. In Italy at that time the orchestra and choristers were badly paid. The first violin was more than likely to be at work all day in a bootmakers' shop.

This young man, in order to assist his aged mother, united the functions of chorister to the more lucrative employment of journeyman tailor.

One day, when he had taken to Nozari's house a pair of trousers, that illustrious singer, after looking at him earnestly, said to him, kindly: "It appears to me, my good fellow, that I have seen you somewhere."

"Quite likely, sir; you may have seen me at the opera house, where I take a part in the choruses."

"Have you a good voice?"

"Not remarkable, sir. I can with great difficulty reach sol."

"Let me see," said Nozari, going to the piano. "Begin the scale." The chorister obeyed; but when he reached sol he stopped short, out of breath.

"Sound la—come, try."

"Sir, I cannot."

"Sound la, I tell you."

"La, la."

"Sound si."

"My dear sir, I cannot."

"Sound si, I tell you, or I'll—"

"Don't get angry, sir; I'll try. La, si, la, si, do."

"I told you so!" said Nozari, in a tone of triumph. "And now, my good fellow, I will say only one word to you. If you will study and practice, you will become the first tenor in Italy."

Nozari was right. The poor tailor-chorister had perseverance, and years later Rubini fulfilled Nozari's prophecy.—Youth's Companion.

A CONTRAST.

Two Ministers Who Were Always Careless in Opposite Points.

An amusing story is told of old Dr. Emmons, a clergyman who was equally famed for the extreme neatness of his person and for his carelessness in regard to his "establishment."

He started one day to "exchange" with a brother whose reputation was, so to speak, the complement of his own. The two divines met on the road, about half way, and stopped to indulge in a fraternal chat. Dr. Emmons' horse looked as if he had never known the touch of a currycomb, the dust of bygone days whitened his old chaise, and several seedy haystalks dangled conspicuously from the top and sides.

The old minister himself, however, faultlessly neat from head to foot, was a shining figure in the dingy equipage.

Not a single hair lay "agee" in the glistening coat of the other minister's steed, and the sunlight glistened on the polished cover and wheels of his chaise; but his own person and dress had been neglected. In the language of to-day he would be described as "seedy."

Unaware of this fact, he gazed at Dr. Emmons' turnout with increasing disapproval. As he was about to drive on he fired this parting shot at his friend:

"Brother Emmons, I should think you would be ashamed of your horse."

"And I, my dear brother," was the quick response of Dr. Emmons, "should almost think your horse would be ashamed of you!"

After which interchange of shots, the two old friends parted in perfect good humor.—Youth's Companion.

PALMETTO PAPER.

A New and Valuable Addition to Paper Stock.

At the present time when paper stock is scarce and the prices advancing, a special interest is taken by paper manufacturers in palmetto fiber. It is not generally known that factories have been established in the south for the manufacture of paper from that article. It is only within the last few years that American manufacturers have paid any attention to this fiber as a paper stock. In England and France, however, it has been for more than thirty years in practical use. In fact, one firm in London have used over one thousand pounds yearly for the last twenty years. The material which they use and which is converted into notes and bonds is produced in Africa. The great expense of procuring it has deterred manufacturers in this country from using it, but since the establishment of factories here this difficulty to a great extent has been overcome. It is said that the great solidity of palmetto wood pulp makes it more valuable than any other wood pulp, and it is therefore recommended to manufacturers for the making of pails, tubs, casks and other utensils. Because of its solidity, it is also very valuable for use in rough casts for models and moldings. The supply of this wood is practically unlimited; it is now found in endless quantities all over Florida. The leaf and stem are almost entirely composed of valuable fibers, which in the raw state have a rough appearance. These are not very pliant when dry, but are exceedingly flexible when wet, and if skillfully handled can be divided into extremely small threads. In many instances the finer grades of fiber resemble wool more than cotton, linen or silk.

What the Indians Think.

There is something for the "native American" stock to reflect upon, says the Worcester Spy, in the remarks of one of the Indian girls from the Carlisle Indian school, which was represented by three hundred and twenty-two pupils in the great parade of school children in New York this week. This girl had been taking in the sights of the metropolis with others in charge of a white teacher. They had been down to Ellis island to witness the landing of some emigrants, and after witnessing for awhile this great horde of foreigners who were crowding ashore, this Carlisle girl remarked to her white teacher: "Your people drove us out centuries ago. Now these people are coming to drive you out. If you don't stop them you will be in a few centuries what my people are now."

TOMORROW.

The robin chants when the thrush is dumb,
Snow enfolds a bed for the clover;
Life thaws snow, and days to come
Are sweet as the days that are over.

The tide that ebbs by the moon flows back;
Faith builds on the ruin of sorrow;
The halcyon flutters in winter's track,
And night makes way for the morrow.

And ever a strain, of joy the sum,
Sings on in the heart of the lover—
In death sings on—that days to come
Are sweet as the days that are over!

—Florence Earle Coates.

MY KLEPTOMANIAC.

As the great Sir Walter says, the public likes the big bowwow. Yet what if I try whether it may not be interested also in the little bowwow?

The little bowwow took an immense interest in me at first sight. He was such a poor and friendless creature, and it was such a cold and blustering night that I had not the heart to shut the door in his face as he stood wagging his tail in the stream of light from the open hall and looking upon me appealingly, with big, innocent brown eyes, from under a silky fringe of hair that appeared to hint of Skye descent, though rather more than less remote.

Yes, he is certainly mongrel, this Artful Dodger of mine. Perhaps if he had been of good honest Skye strain this tale could never have been told of him.

However, in he came with me that night, and out he went with me next evening for the first of our walks abroad.

It was only round a couple of corners on an errand to the green grocer's about the morrow's list, which had not properly been made up, but when I pulled my glove off at the home door to grapple the better with the difficulties of the latch key, I felt a cold nose thrust into my hand—nay, more than a cold nose, an apple, which so red and glossy as it was, I was quite sure my provident friend had selected from the very basket of apples I had just ordered home from under the green grocer's counter.

That was excusable enough perhaps. But what followed day by day exhausted all my stock of apologies for my poor kleptomaniac.

Day by day there was something of my neighbors' goods laid at my door. One morning it would be a prime beefsteak fresh from the butcher's stall; another, it would be a dainty handkerchief thrust into my hand as we walked together along Chestnut street. I soon learned to eschew the shopping quarter, however, when we were out together. But my Artful Dodger was too much for me. One snowy day all the neighbors' doormats were piled up in our vestibule, and my poor little fellow crept out from among them wagging his tail with a delighted consciousness of merit as I came up the steps.

Some Fagin had trained him. There was not a doubt of that. It was the part of a Christian moralist to reclaim him, not to turn him adrift in his evil ways, I argued. I seemed, however, to be the only Christian in the house, or, indeed, in the whole block. I fancy they would have left my poor little fellow to go to the bad altogether in another neighborhood remote from theirs. But then he never looked up at them with his big, innocent brown eyes, brimming with love and trust, as he did at me.

"'Love me, love my dog,'" I said to Hugh one evening as I stood with him in the vestibule, and the Artful Dodger whined so piteously on the other side of the closed door that I was obliged to let him out to walk with us. Then I could feel myself blush furiously, for though Cousin Hugh and I were—well, it is hard to say what we were, but this unlucky speech of mine was certainly the first word of love that had passed between us.

I was glad to go down on my knees to the little fellow leaping about me to escape the eyes of the big fellow standing over me, for I felt sure there was a laugh in them.

"When your dog is as honest as you are, Kitty," said Hugh, "I may perhaps begin to love him as"——

"As I do?" I answered, my dog and I springing down the steps together gayly. "I wouldn't advise you to. Evil communications corrupt good manners, to quote still another proverb, and my Artful Dodger may teach me as much as I have failed in teaching him, poor boy!"

"At that rate it is as well I am taking you both to a poor quarter of the city," said Hugh. And indeed I felt that the dog might help to cheer the little crippled lad he was taking me to see.

It was not the first time Dr. Hugh had carried me off to see some patient of his. Elizabeth had a malicious way of hinting that he had me on probation as a model doctor's wife. But Cousin Hugh and I had been comrades ever since I could remember, and when I was out of reach of Elizabeth's sharp tongue there was seldom anything to remind me that we had not been boys together, instead of girl and boy.

The one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is a short one in my neighborhood, and we had taken it in a turn around the corner from the stately terraced street where was my home. The absurd little boxes in which the people here were housed might be an improvement on the great tenements of other cities, but to take them seriously as homes was rather difficult. "That one yonder is a mere geranium pot," said I, nodding with a gesture toward a tiny red bow window filled with those great red and green plants.

Of course there was "dressmaking" on the modest placard on the door, and equally of course there was the dressmaker's small, pale face at the window, where the florid, round bunches of blossoms seemed to have drained all life and color from her.

"It is a case of Rappaccini's daughter reversed," I said. "Instead of giving her their bloom the flowers have taken all hers to themselves. I never see a big coarse hedgerow like that one without knowing there is a fading lily of a woman behind it stitching and stitching her heart out. Cannot you make an excuse, Dr. Hugh? Mistake the house or something, and let us knock and see if my faded lily won't come out."

But just then the door opened; the dressmaker was letting out a customer. Who or what that was I never heeded, for from where we stood over the way my dog had dashed across, up the low steps and was fawning on the little woman in a transport of joy.

She did not stoop to meet those eager caresses; those sharp little canine cries of delighted recognition had no response. Only as we came in she made a hurried, groping movement for the handle of the door as if she would have shut it in our faces. Hugh was too quick for her. He stepped in across the threshold, where she stood leaning pale and quivering against the wall.

"We owe it to ourselves," he said, "to make some explanation. Of course the dog is yours."

She made a hasty motion of disclaimer, but Hugh went on:

"Of course the dog is yours; we have had him so long in our keeping because he was found one night last winter, and this lady kindly let him come indoors with her out of the bitter weather. But we have no idea of keeping the little fellow from you—unless, indeed, you would care to part with him"——

This last tentatively, for it had not escaped Hugh any more than it had me that as between dog and mistress the affection was certainly all on one side. The little woman—girl she was rather—had retreated, sinking down on the steep box stairs that almost filled up the tiny entry. The dog did not feel himself repulsed as we did, but fell, dog fashion, to kissing the worn hands with which she covered her face. It was in that same instant that we heard a child's cry. She let her hands fall together, the wedding ring flashing out on the worn finger, and then, for the first time noticing me, with a swift sign she led the way into the back room.

The baby was just waking in his cradle. She turned her white face round on us in the doorway as she dropped down on her knees beside him. The dog went sniffing about the cradle, round and round, as if he could not understand, then stood irresolute, his brown eyes flashing inquiry from the woman to me.

"For the child's sake," she said. "For the child's sake"——

She caught her breath in a frightened, gasping way that brought the doctor in Hugh to the fore.

"Steady," he said gently. "We are not here to hurt you, but to see what can be done for you."

She pointed to the dog. "Only take Dash away. Leave us two alone."

At the sound of his name the dog glanced round at her, but at her vehement repellant gesture he crept nearer to me, his tail between his legs.

"Poor Dash! My poor, poor Artful Dodger!" I whispered, stooping to pat him. But Hugh was looking at the woman attentively. "I beg your pardon, but I think I have seen you before," he said.

She threw up her hands with a sharp cry: "I knew it! I knew that dog would ruin me!"

"Then you tried to lose him—to get rid of him?"

She made Hugh no answer, only looked at him half fearfully, half defiantly.

"Come, Kittie," he said to me, "since the dog's owner is willing to part with him we will take him home with us." He laid a couple of bills on the sewing machine as he spoke, disregarding her gesture of refusal. "Otherwise we shall not feel that we have a right to keep the dog," he said. "And we will keep him; he shall never annoy you again, believe me." He bowed to her respectfully as we three went out, closing the door behind us, for she never moved from her knees beside the cradle.

Of course I asked Hugh what it all meant the moment we were out of earshot, and I am afraid I was not in a very amiable mood during the walk home, because he would not answer. The next day, however, he told me, for the next day he went back to the flowerpot of a house and found the little dressmaker had lost herself to Dash again.

"And I had been hoping you would be here making your gowns, Kitty," he said ruefully. "That was the reason I thought I had better not tell you her story until you had got interested in the poor, young thing. But she has vanished without a clew, and— Do you remember Cousin Katharine's writing to me here to look out for her house last summer, while you were all out of town?"

"I remember mamma's being worried at hearing of so many burglaries in town of empty houses."

"Precisely. There was a gang, it was believed. At any rate one of the burglars was traced to his home by means of his dog. He was not taken without obstinate resistance. He had got a bad wound, and I was called in as the nearest doctor to stop the flow of blood before he could be removed. He had a pretty little house; a pretty little wife of his own, who, with her baby of a few weeks in her arms, shrank stricken with shame and horror in the farthest corner of the room.

"It seems she had never so much as dreamed of her husband's 'business,' which took him so often away from her at night. She appeared to shrink away from him as if he were an absolute stranger to her, as if he could not be the man she had known. What she might have done further I don't know, for the fellow died of his wound. He tore the bandage off on the first opportunity and just bled his life away. People were interested in the poor young woman, and she would not have lacked kindness, but then, as now, she disappeared.

"There was a rumor that she was a shoplifter, so many incongruous things were found stored away in the little house. But I believe myself the Artful Dodger was responsible. He must have been trained unbeknown to her by that Fagin of a husband of hers. Now what are we to do about your kleptomaniac, Kitty?"

I put my hand under the Artful Dodger's chin and turned up his face, with its brown, innocent eyes.

"'Love me, love my dog,'" I said again.

This time I had the right to say it. The right had been mine since yesterday. —Marion Reeves in Philadelphia Times.

As Good as a Compass.

The compass plant of Asia Minor, known all along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and as far east as Arabia and Persia, is mentioned in the Bible, where the prophet refers to "that senseless thing which is more stable than man, inasmuch as it always pointeth in the one direction." It is an annual shrub, much resembling our wild or false indigo, but with all the branches arranged along its stem on the north side. It is of the greatest value to travelers of those regions, who use it with as much assurance of being carried aright as does the seaman his mariner's compass constructed on the latest scientific principles.—St. Louis Republic.

Dr. Fourthly—I believe my sermon on sincerity this morning sank deep into some hearts and did good.

Parishioner—Yes, as Foley and his wife went home he explained to people on the street car that his wife's hair and teeth were false.—Life.

SOON FISHIN'.

Keep steddy, boy, an haul away—
We've got a dandy school,
When fish is like they air today,
We've got to take 'em cool.
Suppose ye be some hungry, lad,
Jes' now that ain't no sign;
Ye wouldn't mention grub, 'f ye had
A halibut on yer line.

Waal, this is sumpthin fine, I vow,
I hope we'll swamp the boat!
Don't look so skeered! I guess the scow
Won't do no worse'n float.
That's well! You really beat the Dutch;
That cod is extry fine!
Now ye—— her out ag'in, an hetch
A halibut on yer line.

I'll larn ye, if I kin, the way
To gaff the largest ones,
To git a lot o' line to pay,
No odds how far it runs.
An when ye feel a mighty haul—
By jingo! There goes mine!
The ocean grabbed my bait an all—
A halibut on my line!

There, now, I'll shet right up, an you
Must do the bes' ye kin;
I'll bait another hook or two
An cast 'em in ag'in.
I give it's bes' to throw yer bait
An set an hump yer spine—
You've got to watch yer chance, an wait
Fur halibut on yer line.

—Yankee Blade.

THE THREE GIFTS.

A poor woman gave birth to a daughter. Her husband had died a few days before the babe was born, so that she was alone in the world and quite desolate. All her love, therefore, centered upon this child, and clad as she was in widow's weeds she clasped it fondly in her arms.

On the third day after its birth three fairies, who greatly commiserated her, came to visit her, and seeing how beautiful the infant was and how much the mother loved it they promised it three good gifts.

The first fairy, touching it with her golden wand, said, "The day that she is 12 years old a rose shall fall from her mouth every time she laughs."

The second fairy then touched it with her golden wand. "The day that she is 12 years old," she said, "every time she weeps pearls shall fall from her eyes."

And lastly the third fairy, with golden wand, also touched her, saying, "Before your 18th year has passed a prince shall marry you, and you shall become a princess."

The mother listened to all these promises, and her heart rejoiced exceedingly. She was very, very poor, but she brought up her daughter as well as she could until she was 12 years of age. The evening of the day on which she had completed her 12th year, the girl laughed right out with joy at something which her mother had said, and immediately the first rose fell from her lips, and when the mother saw it she remembered all that the fairies had promised, and her motherly heart rejoiced, for she said, "If one promise be fulfilled, the others will surely follow in their turn."

The girl was graceful, beautiful and blithe, and the roses fell from her mouth like rain. The mother, without having the trouble to gather roses, put them all into a basket and took them to the town and sold them. With the money thus obtained she and her daughter lived—frugally certainly, but nevertheless more comfortably than heretofore. So time went on.

It was winter, and the queen was going to give a great ball at the palace. She had a beautiful gown, and it was rose color, so she wanted to have real roses on her head and at her breast to wear with it. She therefore ordered the royal gardener to bring her some, but he said that so much snow had fallen that all the roses were spoiled, and that he could not find even one. The queen was very angry at this and told him straightway that she did not believe him, but that he preferred to leave them to perish in the royal garden, adding that she should go and seek for herself another gardener and dismiss him forthwith.

The poor gardener sighed upon hearing this and went to look at every garden far and near to see if he could possibly find any roses, but he found none. In the course of his wanderings he happened to pass by the cottage in which dwelt the poor woman and her daughter.

The gardener was so bewildered by his anxiety that he did not look to see where he was going, and not observing a stone that was lying before the cottage he stumbled over it and fell down. There was something comical in the way in which he fell, for he did not hurt himself, but his fez rolled off his head into the mud and got dirtied.

The girl, who was looking out of the window, could not help laughing when she saw the gardener fall, and down dropped a rose from her mouth and fell into the road right in front of the gardener. When she saw what had occurred she felt a little bit ashamed and drew back to hide herself, but the gardener, as soon as he saw it, never stayed to pick up his fez, but ran quickly to seize the rose. He could not believe his own eyes. How did it come there? Perhaps it was done by magic. Anyhow it was a real and beautiful rose and smelled better than those of April. But one rose was of no use to the queen. He must have 10, and where could he find the others?

Since, however, it had fallen just in front of that house, the people who lived there might know something about it. "Anyhow I'll knock," he said to himself.

So without any more ado he knocked at the door, which the mother immediately opened. "Well, my good man, what do you want?" she asked.

And then he told her all about the queen and the ball, and how he had suddenly found a rose outside her house when he was almost in a state of despair. After the mother heard all this, she said: "Take this one then and go to the queen and tell her that there is only one rose tree which is able to produce such roses, and that on the day of the ball I will cut some and take her as many as she desires."

The gardener immediately went to the queen with the one rose and told her what the woman had said, whereat the queen was greatly overjoyed. She put the rose into her bosom, and it filled the whole palace with scent.

When the day of the ball arrived, the queen ordered the gardener to fetch both the woman and the roses, and about noon the mother arrived at the palace, bringing with her a covered basket, and after she had saluted her majesty she uncovered it and presented the roses to her.

No sooner had the queen seen them than she was so delighted that she embraced and kissed the poor woman warmly. There were 20 dozen in the basket, and what roses! Each was more beautiful than the other.

"Madam," said the queen, "I have a favor to ask of you. Sell me the rose tree which bears these roses. I will give you whatever you may demand for it."

But the mother answered: "Much honored queen, I cannot do this with my rose tree, I cannot sell it. Only one thing I can do, if you are willing. You have a prince, and I will bestow it on the prince, to have it for his own and to keep it honored and loved as if it were a living princess."

"Your wish shall be granted, madam, so that we may only have the rose tree in the palace, and you may come with it and live near us also."

"I have no wish for that, your majesty. My rose tree is the only thing I care for. I wish that to be happy, for it is all I have to love in the world. Swear to me by the life of your son that it shall be as you say."

"I swear to you by the life of my only son that the tree which brings forth these roses shall be honored in this palace as if it were a real living princess."

"May God grant you a long life, my queen. Come by yourself tomorrow, and take away the rose tree from my house."

The ball took place in the evening, and all wondered at the queen's roses. Where had she found them? It was quite a marvel! Such flowers in the middle of winter!

The next morning the queen lost no time before going to secure the rose tree. When the prince heard of the agreement which his mother had made with the woman he jumped for joy and got a golden vase ready in the palace in which the rose tree was to be planted. The queen and the prince went together in a gold chariot, and stopping before the humble cottage where the mother and dwelt they alighted. The mother had mentioned nothing to her daughter, except that the queen kindly intended to come in person to thank her for the gift of roses.

As soon as the mother and daughter went out to receive the royal visitors, the daughter, as she bent down to kiss the queen's hand, smiled merely from a grateful feeling, and a rose fell from her mouth. The queen at first did not understand how this came to pass, but the prince ran immediately to pick it up to give to his mother, and the girl beholding him smiled again in her great joy, when the second rose fell.

At one and the same moment the queen and the prince understood it all. The queen became very angry, because she remembered directly that she was bound by her oath to receive the girl as a daughter-in-law. She turned, however, to look at her again, when she saw that the girl was really so very beautiful and so very good that without a moment's longer reserve she threw her arms around her, saying aloud as she kissed her: "You are a poor girl no longer, but a princess henceforth. You shall come and live in our palace, you and your mother also."

"Now that it has all turned out exactly as you wished it," she added, addressing the mother, "tell me, lady co-mother-in-law, how your daughter acquired so great a charm as to shower roses from her mouth whenever she laughs."

The mother immediately told her all about the fairies and their three promised gifts to her daughter when she was an infant, and how the first and the last promise had both come true.

"The second has not taken place then," said the queen, with some curiosity; "how was it that did not happen, for, poor as you were, had pearls fallen from her eyes you could have sold them?"

"That did not happen," answered the mother, "because I never made her weep. I sought only to see her happy and smiling, preferring to live poor in my daughter's gladness than to become rich by her grief."

When the queen heard these words she embraced and kissed her, saying, "You have indeed been a good mother, and it is an honor to a queen to make you her co-mother-in-law."

The girl, who had listened to all that her mother had said, was now so overcome by her emotion that her eyes filled with tears and two large pearls rolled down. The prince stooped to pick them up.

"These are not tears of sorrow," he said. "They are tears of joy. I will take them and have them made into earrings, and you shall wear them on the day on which you become my princess."

—Translated for Cassell Publishing Company From the Greek by Mrs. Edmonds.

Fortune For a Workhouse Pauper.

Lambeth workhouse contains an inmate of the name of Sheridan, who is said to be the heir to £300,000. The man is old and has been sheltered in the workhouse for some years, all unsuspecting that he was in reality "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." It is said that a Mrs. Blake, sister of Sheridan's father, died intestate in 1883, and that the Lambeth pauper is the next of kin. It was only the other day that he was discovered by the lawyers who have been searching for him and his identity established.

The estate consists of property valued at £160,000, alleged to lie principally in the neighborhood of St. George's, Hanover square and Regent street, while the personalty amounted to no less than £140,000. These are the figures which rumor mentions, but whether they are exact or not remains to be seen. All that is definitely known at present is that Sheridan is still in the workhouse, but has been told that he is supposed to be the heir to some money.—London Telegraph.

High Life Among Organ Grinders.

The daughter of an Italian street organ proprietor was married at Southport, England, to an Italian organ grinder who practices his art in Manchester under circumstances of remarkable display and expense. The girl has played a barrel organ in the streets of Southport since she left school. Six carriages took 80 guests to and from church, the men well dressed in English style, but the women all aglitter and ablaze with silks, laces and jewelry in their national festival dress. At the feast 3 roast goats, 30 chickens and 8 rounds of beef were spread, and there were wine, whisky and other drinks in profusion.—London Letter.

Accommodating.

Diner—Waiter, I find I have just money enough to pay for the dinner, but it leaves nothing in the way of a tip for yourself.

Waiter—Let me add up the check again, sir.—New York Herald.